Tommy Tide says:

TOWMY TIDD.

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

Write plainly on one side of the or only, and number the pages.
Use pen and ink, not pencil.
Short and pointed articles will given preference. Do not use over

ords. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office. "Whatever you are Be that! Whatever you kay Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact, Be hobody else but you."

POETRY. TO THE BOOSTERS.

Oh, Boosters! little Boosters!
When the time has come to rest,
Do you think of all our Club days,
As you cuddle in your nest?

Do you recollect our motto Of love, and sunshine, too? And the love and wisdom colors, That teach us to be true?

Do you think of all the fairles. That come to make us glad And all the happy angels That drive away the sad?

Do you think of me at bed-time, When the light is burning low? And know we are united Wherever we may go?

THE BOY.

By Emma O. Lente. He comes when we call him, he goes when we send:

His hands and swift feet he is ready to He laughs and he shouts and is keen Sedate at his books, and his work is

He is freekled and awkward and lov-Forgetful and head-strong, we'll own But he's gent'e and kind to his nu-

merous pets, To attend to their comfort he never We need much of wisdom to guide him We need stores of patience, we need

to be strong,
n boy is a problem complex and But the love that we bear him will The traits of his clan in his being are

The brightest of hopes on his future And we pray and we trust to the Father above,

To deal very kind with this boy whom

We love!

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES

I knew two llittle boys once who were brothers and when their mother wanted them to help her by doing errands or little things about the house Will always said he would, and George niways said he wouldn't.

That looks as if Will was the good May and George the bad boy; but the United States George used to be sorry for his conduct and then do what he said he his promise and never keep it.

which he always overcame and did as

Will was the favorite because parf-will boy seldom does as he says he mouth, in New England.
Other people call these voyagers pilgrims, which means wanderers. A long while before, the Pilgrims lived in England: later they made their hood doctor could cure these two boys

No doctor could cure these two boys of the difference in their way of responding; not even the doctor of di- America. vinity, and they both kept up the difference to manhood and both have made their way as I-will and I-won't, Nayflower was the only home they and both own homes of their own; but had; but if this weather lasted they Il-won't has done so many things I- would soon have warm log cabins.
The men went ashore that afternoon Will ought to have done that he is al-

do right than to be agreeable to the face rough weather, and she wanted to enjoy the sunshine and the clear, suggestion and forever neglect to salt air. do so as one should.

tight that the I-will boy, who was persistent in wrong-doing was outdis-

thoughtlessly.

This is the only way a I-won't boy was ever known to get ahead of an Iwill boy.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Anna A. Blatherwick, of Norwich— thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I will write again soon. It is very interesting. nna A. Blatherwick, of Norwich-

Harry Levi, of Bozrahville—I re-teived the prize book entitled, "The Boy Scouts Under Sealed Orders," and Hank you very much for it. I have tead it through and found it very in-

Alfreda Walker, of Mansfield Center I thank you very much for the nice prize book you sent me. I have read and like it very much.

Raiph Oisen, of Baltic—Many thanks for the wonderful prize book which I eccived for a prize from you. You'll see my stories regular as I think it tery nice to write to the Wide-Awak-

Helen Rist, of Lisbon—I received the prize book, "The Bobbsey Twins at the seashore," for which I thank you very much. I now have three of the Bobbsey Twin books, all different stories. Orin Whitehouse, of Mansfield Cen-ing I thank you very much for the trize book. I have read a few pages and like it very much.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

Sylvia A. Miner, of North Frank-th The Camp-Pire Girls in The feine Woods.

Lillie Marsekat, of Mansfield Cen-ar-The Boy Allies in the Trench-

Boy Allies in the Balkan Campaign. 4-Leo Poliquin, of Versailles-The Boy Allies With the Cossacks.

5-Martin Delinsky, of Bozrahville-Watch and Wait. 6-Ruth Costello, of Storrs - The Camp-Fire Girls Go Motoring. 7-Alice Williams, of Norwich-Hope and Have.

8-Nellie Day, of Storrs - Motor-cycle Chums of Northwest Patrol. Winners of books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business of-fice for them at any time after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE. AWAKES.

Our School Fair.

Last Friday was our school fair. We had cooking, canning, xegetables and special articles.

In vegetables there were peppers, to natoes, pop-corn and potatoes.

For sewing we had towels, dresses, centerpieces and handkerchiefs.

In cooking we had three kines of fudge. I took first prize on one pan of fudge which was my own.

On the canning table there were peaches, tomatoes, raspberries, grape jelly, grape jam. felly, grape fam. The specials were a big boat and a small boat. The live stock, a rabbit and some

There were from thirty to thirty-four people. Mr. Brundage said we had the best school fair in the town. NELLIE DAY.

as on some of the years past, because it was so late. We had it the 6th of October.

In the morning, the day of the fair, some of the boys came early and went over to Mr. Hauschilds, for some wide

The School Fair.

Our fair wasn't so good this year

boards, for the tables.

We had three large tables. There was one in the back of the room, another in the front and the other was on the right side The one in the back of the room was for the flowers. There was a very

ice collection.

In front were the odd specials. Among these was a very large four-masted bont. Besides the vegetables were on this table. Among these were potatoes, pop corn, peppers, a squash, and some beans.

The table on the right side was for

sewing, and the cooking. I think this table was the best of all. Besides there was some canning. Among these were jam, jellies, peaches and beans.

For livestock there were two roosters, four hens, and a rabbit.

Mr. Brundage said we had the best fair in the town.
RUTH COSTELLO.

Broom-Corn.

I wonder if any of the Wide-Awakes ever heard of broom-crn.

There are many kinds of millets which we hear of every day, and many of us have probably swept with such kinds of millets.

This broom-corn grows as tall as straws at the top. Its seeds are found at the end of these straws, and from the straw, brooms are made. Broom-corn will grow on any soil on which Indian corn can be produced.

The countries that raise it for brooms are Italy, France, Germany and

MIRIAN SHERSHEVSKY, Age 8.

the day before.

The people on bonrd the Mayflower his mother or father bade him to were very glad of the pleasant day.

It was three long months since they had started from Plymouth, in Eng-Mill was the favorite because par-iand to seek a home far across the mits like the I-will boy better than ocean. Now they had landed in a they do the I-won't boy, even when the harbor which they called New, Ply-

good bye to their friends in Holland and in England, and sailed away to

There were but one hundred and two of the Pilgrims on the Mayflower; but they were brave and full of hope. The and were busy cutting wood. together a different man, makes the most money, and is in the best circumtanced.

I-will is worse than I-won't if one's word is not honored. It is better to the most money, and is in the best circumtanced.

I-will is worse than I-won't if one's word is not honored. It is better to the most money. It was so bright and pleasant that Mistress Rose Standish took her knitting and was sitting awhile on the deck. She was too weak to face rough weather and she wanted

Mistress Brewster sat by her side. The I-won't boy used to repent and for neither ever spoke unkindly.

The air on deck would have been

warm even on a colder day for in one corner a bright fire was burning. It would seem strange now to see a It pays to mean what you say, and to do right, even if you have spoken pleasant, people on shipboard did their

cooking on deck.

The Pilgrims had no stoves, and Mistress Carver's maid had built this fire on a large hearth covered with sand. She had hung a great kettle on the crane over the fire, where the only a cover the fire, where the only a cover the fire and the content of the co onion-soup for supper was now sim-mering slowly. This gives an idea of the braveness and character of the

ALICE WILLIAMS, Age 10.

A Daffodil Story.

A rich man had two sons. Just before he died he gave his house and
land to his elder son. To his younger
son he gave only a small rocky field,
The elder brother made great feasts
and soon spent all his money.
The younger brother went far away

into another country. Poor and sad, he wandered about without a home.

One day he lay down to rest near a singing brook. All around him the hillside was yellow with the bloom of daffedlis. In his dream a water fairy stood be

fore him. "Take up the plants that bloom around you," she said, "carry them to your own rocky field."
"A fairy charm shall be upon the plants, and he who works and waits shall reap a golden harvest."

The young man awoke. No fairy was in sight, but the yellow flowers nodded to him as if to say: "Take us: we will help you."

All day long he worked, digging up the bulbs of the daffodis. Then he walked the long way that led to his

He planted the daffodil bulbs in his own rocky field. Soon little green blades sprang up between the rocks. Week after week he cared for the growing plants until he came to love them.

At last buds grew and bloomed. The down stairs. To our surprise we found people came from far and near to see our mother in her rocking chair having

the wonderful golden flowers. To every one he gave a flower.

Soon the people came to buy his flowers. In this way the words of the fairy came to be true, for the rocky field bore a golden harvest.

In a few years the younger brother had saved enough money to buy his old home. And now, when the daffedil story is told in that far-off land, the people say:

people say:
"Work is the fairy charm that brings the golden harvest."
LEONA SULLIVAN, Age 11. Taftville.

A Circus Wagon

A Circus Wagon.

It was a huge wagon about twenty feet long and very low. The wagon was richly decorated with gilded figures and brightly colored scenes. There were doors on one side which could be opened. These doors were painted a bright red and were decorated with scenes of wild animals in their native homes. The corners of these doors were adorned with fantastic images of dragons gods, etc., around which thick streams of gold seemed to flow, which in reality were pieces of wood raised and richly gilded. On the other side of the wagon was a large painting of the king of the forest in the dark jungles of Africa. This painting was surrounded by fantastic dragons and gods as on the other side.

tastic dragons and gods as on the other side.

On the back of the wagon was printed Barnum & Balley Circus in letters of gold and the pictures of both Mr. Balley and Barnum were painted below the printing.

The folding doors, which I have already mentioned, when opened disclosed strong iron bars, behind which on a bed of straw calmly lay a lion, king of the forest, not in all his glory, with his mate. Both were licking the remains of the leg of a cow. One huge paw of the lion hurg loosely out between two of the bars and leware to the one who tried to shake bands with the one who tried to shake hands with

the driver a half breed, lazily held the reins in his hands. He was dressed in a bright red suit trimmed with gold braid and wore a red cap with a white lume on it-

Eight large, iron gray, working horses drew the wagon. Each horse had a blanket of red decorated with gold braid thrown over him.

As the wagon faded from view, for I saw it in a circus parade, I thought of the time when wild animals roamed all forests, and now even the king of the forest is sometimes behind bars.

This wagon presented mingled colors and was pleasing to those who are fond of bright colors.

A Man Without a Country

FLOSSIE MEYER, Age 14.

Philip Nolan was a lleutenant in the United States army.
One day he met a gentleman who fascinated him and turned him against his country.

Noian was arrested and tried for treason. He was asked if he had anything to say for himself. He exclaim-

Curse the United States, I wish I bad never seen it! I hope I will never see it again."

The jury went into a private room

and when they came out they took Nolan to a ship owned by the govern-He was never to see or hear of the United States again. He was allowed to read foreign papers, but anything alluding to the United States should

One day they gave him a book to One day they gave him a book to read. There was something about the United States in it. He threw it into the sea and went into his stateroom. He did not come out for six months. One day he became fill and the doctor was called. The doctor came out an hour after and said he was dead. In his Bible there was a piece of name. The namer read:

would not do, while Will would forget his promise and never keep it.

It was a warm and pleasant Saturday, December 23, 1620; the air was a willing promiser but was not careful to keep his word; and Reorge had the spirit of a little rebel of the day before.

In his Bible there was a piece of paper. The paper read:

"Dear friends:—Bury me in the sea. It has been my home and I love it. Place a headstone on Fort Adams and say on it, in memory of Philip Nolan, a man without a country. I love the United States better than anyone else. but I deserve less at her hands. I have a home and a country now."

"Philip Nolan."

ANNA CORCORAN, Age 13.

The Kingdoms. Once there was a king named Fred-

erick William. One time he was tired of the noisy city so he took a walk through the woods and saw some children playing. He sat down with them and began to ask them questions. He took an orange from his pocket and asked them to what kinddom it belonged. They were puzzled.

One how said it belonged to the very One boy said it belonged to the veg-etable kingdom and he got the orange

for his prize.

Then the king took a gold coin from his pocket and asked the same ques-tion as before, and a child said it be-longed to the mineral kingdom and got the coin for his prize.

Then the king asked them to what kingdom he belonged, and a little girl said he belonged to the kingdom of heaven. The king took her up in his arms and said: "So be it! I think you are quite right."

BLANCHE LUCIER.

Proud of His Patch. poor boy was attending school day with a large patch on one

knee of his trousers.
One of his schoolmates made fun of him for this, and called him "Old "Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys. "I'd give it to him, if he called me so."

one of the boys. "I'd give it to him, if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of my patch for her sake."

This was noble. That boy had courage that would make him successful in the struggles of life. We must have courage in our struggles if we hope to come out right.

to come out right.

DONA DUGAS, Age 12.

What We Boys Did.

When Moses and I came home from school we heard the baby crying at the top of its voice. My mother opened the door for us, and oh, how tired she looked! "Baby has been fretful," said she.
"I am worn out trying to take care
of her."

"Let's see what we can do," we said, id we hung up our hats, put away "Let's see what we can do," we said, and we hung up our hats, put away our books and ran upstairs. We found the baby sitting on the floor in a corner, crying hard.
"I know what will amuse her. Let's play hand organ," said Moses.
"Good! I'll be the monkey," said I, and with a safety pin we fastened a bookstrap to my coat for a tail, and began jumping about on my hands and feet like a monkey in front of the baby.

"Da," said the baby, and stopped

"Da," said the baby, and stopped trying.

Moses held a box in front of him and made believe to turn a crank while he hummed a tune.

The baby began to laugh.

Moses performed many different monkey antics. The baby in great gies crept after us and tried to catch the monkey's tail.

So we all had a good time, and went down stairs. To our surprise we found



The Wide-Awake circle looks good to me; but I should wheels go round.

a restful little nap.

JACOB MASTER, Age 12.

Bozrahville.

Old Tom. Old Tom is a favorite horse of the school children of Smith school. And his colors are brown and white. He has a brown body and white legs and

the one who tried to shake bands with him. A sign was hung on the lower corner of the wagon on which was printed: Lion and Lioness. Beware!

The wheels of this wagon were small but durable and painted a bright yeilow.

The driver's seat was built high, and the driver, a half breed, lozily held the reins tight so he won't go across lots reins to the him and a man is fooling with them, or a steam roller, you have got to hold the reins tight so he won't go across lots with you.

with you.

When you harness him up you put on the saddle and the britching which are together and buckle the bellyband and than the breast-plate and traces which pull the buggy and then the bridle and the lines with which to drive the horse.

oried and the intes with which to drive the horse.

Old Tom is a sound and well built horse, of can pull a heavy load.

One by some boys and I went riding on a Saturday. We were going along all right. The first thing I saw we were going cross-lots. He hit a large rock and tipped the wagon over and all of us went head over heels to

the ground.

When we picked outselves up we saw Old Tom going toward the barn over walls and fences. He had broken the harness to pieces; none of us We all said we will go back to the place where he got frightened and when we got to the place it was an

auto that was broken. We will never forget our cross-lot ANDREW JONES.

South Canterbury.

Waiting for a Train. As I came to the station to meet my friends I heard somebody say that the trains were delayed by some little accident. As I sat waiting patiently in the waiting room a gentleman came in and made my acquaintance. He told me that his name was Mr. Jackson, and that he was waiting for his

married sister.

After we had sat there awhile a mar came in and said a train was coming. This proved to be a false alarm for it was a freight train that came. The men on the freight train assured us the passenger train would come into

the passenger train would come into the station in fifteen minutes.

As the train came into the station there was a loud noise and talking.

I put my friends in an automobile and saw the other man's sister get in the other automobile. My parents held a feast in honor of the guests for it was my acquaintance's wife and children who came from Vienna.

MARTIN DELINSKY, Age 13. MARTIN DELINSKY, Age 13.

Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln was born in Kenucky. His first home was a log cabin. tucky. His first home was a log cabin. His father was idle and lazy.

When Abe was a little boy his father moved to Indiana. There Mrs. Lincoln died. The next year Mr. Lincoln married again. Abe worked hard in the fields. His father moved to Illinois. At twenty one Absign Lincoln linois. At twenty-one Abraham Lin-coln worked for himself. He split rails for his neighbors. He studied very for his ffeighbors. He studied very hard. Once he walked six miles to borrow a book. He was so honest that the people called him Honest Abe. He 'studied law at home. He practiced law in Springfield, Illinois. In Springfield he married Miss Mary Todd. In 1869 the republicans elected him president. In 1861 the Civil war began. President Lincoln called for men. There were many great battles fought. There were many great battles fought. In 1864 Lincoln was made president again. Lincoln wished to do right by everyone. But April 14, 1865, he was shot by a wicked man

EVA DUGAS, Age 10.

Versailles. The Newfoundland Dog.

This magnificent creature was origi-nally brought from Newfoundland. It is confounded with the Labrador dog, a larger and more powerful animal. Both these dogs are trained by their native masters to draw sleds and little carriages. It is on that account that they are highly esteemed by masters and other people. The Newfoundland dog is dog is well

known as a most faithful guardian of its master's property. It is very fond of the water and will fetch out any article that its master indicates; and lay it at his feet.

Many instances are known of this noble animal saying the lives of pro-

Many instances are known of this noble animal saving the lives of people that had fallen into the water and must have perished but for its timely aid. This is one of the largest dogs as it should nearly two feet, two inches in height.

HARRY LEVI, Age 13.

Bozrahville.

My Vacation.

I have never written to you before, so I thought I would write to you about My Vacation.

My sister and mother came and visited me. I live with my grandmother. My mother brought me a present. The

resent was a doll.

My sister and I played several games. Some of the games we played were hide and seek, tag and horse. We would put a string on one of us, and then the other one would hold onto the strings and drive. That's the way we play horse.

DOROTHY WHITEHOUSE.

Mansfield Center.

Three Wise Toads.

Three Wise Toads.

A story is told about a toad which had an easy way of getting his living. He lived near a yard where many chickens were fed. The meal which they left in their saucers naturally soured very soon, and drew the flies in large numbers. Here was a chance for Mr. Toad.

Toward evening he would come, choose a saucer, climb into it, and roll over until he was covered with meal. Before long he was surrounded by flies, which had also come to supper. No sooner did one of them get within reach of this mouth than out went his tongue, and that fly was seen no more.

use as a pet. It used to come

in the house as a pet. It used to come into the dining room every evening. As no one ever touched it or tried to hurt it, the little toad became very much at home. It lived in the same house for thirty-six years.

Laat spring the gardener, while moving a pile of sticks, saw a toad crawling from the spot with another on its back. The next day he noticed it again, and his curiosity being aroused he took the toad from the other's back, and found that its two forelegs had been lost as far as the first joint. Since then he has not seen them, but thinks that they may reappear in damp weather. appear in damp weather.

A toad that will carry his lame brother on his back surely deserves a medal from the human society.

LEO POLIQUIN, Age 12.

have a boat hired out to those who did.

It was the case in this story. This man's name was John Williams. He was wrecked off Herd's Island about two hundred miles from Cape Horn.

There were huts on the island where other people had stayed. They left one party on one side with supplies for several weeks. They then went to the other side. When they tried to land they ran aground. They knew they could not get off so they dumped the things overboard.

There were thirty-six men. When the other party got out of supplies they came over to the other side. John divided the food in two parts. They stationed men to look for boats. Only two died. They went over the mountains and perished with the cold.

There was nothing to eat but a weed. It was like a rabbage. They drank melted snow, and patched their clothes again and again.

clothes again and again.

The thing they missed most was to

bacco. As they were to be away six months they did not know it at home. Finally his sister got worried. She went to Mr. Lawrence and asked him went to Mr. Lawrence and asked him to find them.

He would not so she asked the government. They sent a warship from Africa, which happened to be the nearest place.

The first thing Mr. Williams asked

was if anyone had any tobacco. The captain gave him a piece. He bit off some and put the rest in his pocket.

They had been on the island eighteen months. They were glad to get back to America that time.

HELEN WHALIAMS, Age 13.

Clara Barton. Clara Barton was born in Oxford,

Mass, in 1830.

As a child she was very fearless.

When she went to school she was fond of arithmetic.

At the outbreak of the Civil war she cared for the wounded soldiers on the battlefield. In 1864 she had charge of the army

hospitals on the James river.

She became president of the American Red Cross society.

Clara Barton died April 1912.

ALICE GUYETTE, Age 13.

North Franklin.

My Cat. My cat's name is Buttercup. He is ellow and white.
Buttercup is two years old. When get the cows he follows me. Buttercup catches mice, squirrels and other things that cats like.

GLADYS GUYETTE, Age 11.

North Franklin LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

My Trip to Springfield, Dear Uncle Jed: I had a free trip o Springfield on the 13th of October ecause I did so well raising flowers. On the 13th of October I went to Mansfield Center, reaching there at 7.30 o'clock in the morning. Then an auto took us to Storrs college. There were four of us. From Storrs college the auto took us to Springfield.

On the way the auto in front of us had two blowouts, so they had to stop be just as good as ever to hold and bind? It is not true, and fix their tires. river.
When we came to Springfield Mrs

Brundage went to get the tickets for the dairy exposition. When she came back we went to the tents.

We saw many things there. Then we went to the tent where they were judging cows.

We had our dinner on the grounds.

We went to the circus and had a lot

At 4 o'clock we started for home

of fun.

There were ten of us in the autos.

When we were about half way home it began to rain. We put the curtains down on one side, but we still got From Storrs college I walked home, getting there at half past seven. When I arrived I was all wet.
We had a lot of fun at Springfield.
LILLIE MARSCHAT.

Mansfield Center. Where Olive Camped.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will try to tell you a little about my sister's camping. She has a friend Olive who lives on a farm, and she told my sister and seven-teen other girls about an old empty farmhouse where they could camp. All that was in the house were two old cook stoves on which they got their meals, and all the girls took hammocks along to put up and sleep in. girl gave seventy-five cents for her rent ad a dollar and a half for her food. They took turns cooking. After

their meals each girl took her dishes to the river and washed them. to the river and washed them.

They called the place where they stayed the Hop Yard, and there was a great big stone bowl fashioned by nature there. It was called The Devil's Basin. They used it for their icebox. One day it rained while they were camping and the rain filled the basin up with water, and the next mornig they saw a bottle of milk floating down the stream, then a bunch of beets, a the stream, then a bunch of beets, a

the stream, then a bunch of beets, a pound of butter and they lost what food they had.

They had a woman chaperone and the farmers around there don't see many strangers and were so pleased to have them that they used to give them things and do everything to make it pleasant for them.

One man gave them a big basket of green corn and an old woman gave them three huckleberry pies cucumbers, vegetables and many good things

bers, vegetables and many good things to cat. Wasn't that nice?

The farmers got together and invit-ed the crowd to an old fashioned country farm dance, and came after them in an ox wagon. My sister said she never saw anything like it, and I

she never saw anything like it, and I never have.

An old man who used to be a dancing teacher played the fiddle and called off the dances, change partners, grand right and left.

There was a camp of Boy Scouts eight miles down the river and the minister invited them all to come to church Sunday. The Boy Scouts all marched up one alsie and the girls up the other. It filled up the church and tickled the old minister about to pieces, but he talked so comical and old-fashioned that they could hardly keep in from laughing out loud.

One old woman and man were poor and had been very good to them. Before they went they chipped together and got a collection and gave it to them.

them.

The last night it rained so hard

The last night it rained so hard Another toad was caught and kept neighbors sent in an old organ, pop-

corn and walnuts, so they danced, played, sang, and ate, and they had a jolly time after all.

MIRIAM GORDON, Age 11.

Child's

My Pet Goat. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought the Wide-Awakes would like to hear about my pet goat. Site would run and playing with me until she got tired of playing and then site would run and jump on the shed toof and from there she would so on the larn most and jump. the shed roof and from there she would go on the barn roof and jump nil around and would not fall.

She would eat with the hens and she bunted them away from the feed. She would go on the shed roof to sleep with the turkeys nights, and when the turkeys came to bed she would bunt them off of the peak of the roof.

Shipwrecked.

It was the custom not many years ago for men on the coast to go whaling. They caught and took the oll from the whales. Each man had a boat of his own. Those who did not have a boat hired out to those who did.

It was the case in this story. This man's name was John Williams. He was wrecked off Herd's Island about two hundred miles from Cape Horn.

There were huts on the island where other people had stayed. They left one party on one side with supplies for North Franklin.

Fire Prevention Day.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell ou about Fire Prevention day, the 9th of October. We had to read about forest fires wrote a composition. Fires in the woods do nothing but

They often descroy the soll so that nothing will grow well on it.

The leaf-mold will burn and so the best part of the soil is destroyed.

MAY LECRAU, Age 10. Brooklyn.

Sce the Deer. Dear Uncle Jed: We live on a large farm in the northern part of Canter-bury on a high hill named Waufaugaoury on a high hill names was and three We keep several cows and three corses. I help papa rake hay and feed

orses. I help papa rake hay and feed chickens.

One day sister Alice and I went out in the orchard to get some apples. After we had gotten them and were going to the house sister said: "Oh! see the deer!" I looked and saw a deer about as big as a small calf walking acros the field.

We stood very still to see what it

would do. It walked along slowly, jumped the wall and walked through the pasture until it was lost from Sight among the trees.

KATHERINE SUGRUE, Age 11. Wauregan.

Sleep. Dear Uncle Jed: There seems to be some such blessing for the spirit in sleep, then, as there is for the body; not alone fresh fuel, but a purer flame. And we may presume such boons as these are hidden away in every life as it steals silently through the night, and when deep sleep falleth on men.
God openeth their cars and sealeth
their instruction.

In our waking hours we think and

feel; in our sleep we become.

The poet finds in the morning sweeter imaginations, the thinker profounder principles, the preacher more pregnant arguments, and the very worker at the envil a more subtle turn, of the wrist and the stroke that goes right home. and the stroke that goes right home.

None of us who sleep well begin the new day where we left the old. Each man in his rest has silently advanced to a new position. He can watch the world from a highest summit, and be eware of a wider sky than that on which the sun set yesterday. His flesh is fresh as that of a little child; he returns toward the days of his youth.

Your sleep is the hidden treasure of your youth today, and tomorrow it will be the margin you will have to draw on for your age. Do you think draw on for your age. Do you think you can racket round into the small hours, snatch a brief repose, and then

young man sells his birthmany tears. Take your honest eight hours' sleep, if you may; there is life in it and grace. It is one of the good angels which will save you from temptation, give you an even mind, brighten all your powers, and do many things for you which no other power can do.

Good forms.

for new power.
Your true business or professional man who rises well rested, with a cool, ledo Blade. clear brain and steady nerve, the man who can shake off business after busiwho can shake off business after busi-ness hours, goes to sleep like a year-vince a man that he needs a rest.

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habits, and this is one of the best. We

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ing child, and rises like the sun, rejoicing as a strong man to run a ra-REGINA SAVAGEAU, Age 12.

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Aboard a Special Train. We went through many cities and right in this way and cannot have it towns and across the Connecticut back again, though he seek it with many tears. Take your honest eight the country districts. A

> Explanation of the Whopper. When lawyers go into court they can go just so far, and then we have claim the earth. It is probably be-to fall back on Nature and on God cause there are so many lawyers in cause there are so many lawyers politics that no campaign claim ever less than record-breaking-To-

> > Comparatively little work can con-

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